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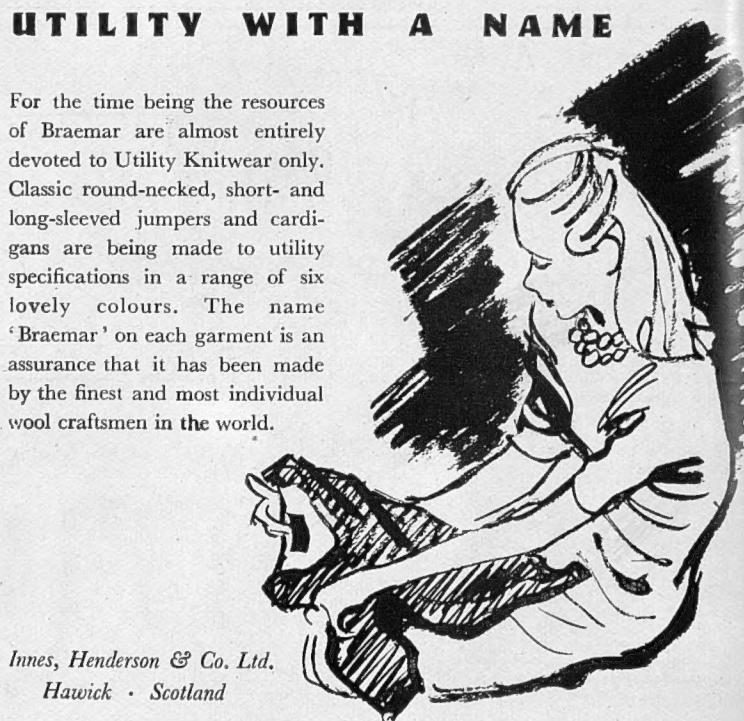
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Compton Collier

Lady Mary Harvey and Her Children

Lady Mary Harvey, the Earl and Countess of Leicester's younger daughter, was married in 1940. Her husband, Major Thomas Cockayne Harvey, son of the late Col. John Harvey, is in the Scots Guards. They have a three-year-old son, David Vincent, and a daughter, Caroline Susan, born last year. Lady Mary Harvey is a sister of Viscount Coke and of Lady Sylvia Combe. Her younger brother was killed in action in 1941



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Caution

IT was the caution of a veteran militarist, as well as the wisdom of a politician, which compelled the Prime Minister to warn the nation and the world that the war in Europe might go on until the spring days of 1945. As a politician it is obvious that Mr. Churchill felt it necessary to underwrite possible public disappointment should the war not end this year as so many people have been anticipating. The spirits of people have risen so high as the Allies have marched from one success to another. But it was good leadership on the part of the Prime Minister to place all the facts before us, and to direct our attention to the hopeful, as well as to the less hopeful, prospects. His warning does not prevent people forming their own conclusions, although Mr.

Experts

IN attempting to assess the length of the war, which is a highly exhilarating exercise, we must not overlook what Mr. Churchill said about some of his military advisers. He admitted that they believed that the war will, for all practical purposes, be brought to an end before the end of the year. This means that they expect to break the organized resistance of the Germans in the course of the next two months or so. They must be fairly confident of this possibility otherwise Mr. Churchill would not have gone out of his way to intimate to the House of Commons that at some time it may be necessary for the Allies to declare that the war against the German State is at an end. In such an event the Allied forces would have broken the German military machine and be



Airborne Survivor

Major Roy Oliver, a Public Relations officer, dropped with airborne troops at Arnhem, was shot in the arm, and received shrapnel wounds in the legs. He escaped with all the correspondents dropped with him



B.B.C. War Correspondents Back from Arnhem

Guy Byam, dropped with the 1st Airborne Division, broadcast his story from London on his return from Arnhem. As a non-combatant he went through the enemy lines to arrange for evacuation of the wounded



Stanley Maxted also told a moving story of the men of Arnhem. He is a Canadian, lent by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation to the B.B.C., and was dropped with the troops on the first day, Sept. 17

concerned only with the problems of occupation and of rounding up scattered Nazi resisters.

Bets

CABINET Ministers are equally as optimistic as some of our generals. One or two of them are understood to have made some strange bets among themselves. Most of these bets are heavily in favour of the war being at an end this year. In looking at the war I find that a number of people are thinking only of the battle on the Western Front and have omitted completely to take into account the menacing forces of the Russians on the Eastern Front. Men and materials are being concentrated there in great strength. The Russians have not been, and will not be, idle. At any moment I am certain that we shall see a spectacular move directed at the heart of Germany. It will be a punch packed with everything the Russians can muster, for Berlin is their target. It was their goal before they suffered a reverse in front of Warsaw. It is safe to assume that

it is still their hope that they will reach Berlin before the Allied armies in the west. Here is a race, a friendly race. It is a competition between those who are determined to smash the German might, and desire to have the honour of claiming to have struck the knock-out blow.

Psychology

THE Germans are in a hopeless position. It is impossible to imagine how they can extricate themselves. They are cornered by superior, better organized and certainly better supplied forces from the nations who have all the sinews of war at their command. The Germans are almost cut off from the resources on which their strength depended. We must reckon that in spite of this, and the spectre of defeat which must haunt their leaders, they will fight on as long as they can. But if the Russians mount a spectacular offensive in the future we must not overlook its psychological as well as its military import. I am one of those who still believe the possibility of Germany's collapse from within. The strain on the Nazi bosses must now be wellnigh intolerable, the strain on the people of Germany must be back-breaking and such as only slaves can endure. The approach of winter spells so many horrors for them; greater food shortage,

coal supplies shorter than ever, harder work and, above all, the prospect of incessant Allied bombing. As the Russians push hard in the east, and the Allies advance in the west, I am certain that something will crack in Germany.

Perpetuation

THE revelations made by Mr. Anthony Eden in the House of Commons that Himmler is planning to perpetuate Nazi influence in Germany after the war is not surprising. If it were not the Nazis, it would be the Prussians who are making these plans. It is natural for the Germans to think in terms of another war; it is natural for them to feed their arrogance, even in face of defeat, on a sense of national grievance. I doubt whether Himmler's organization is as widespread or as powerful as we have since been led to believe by various newspaper reports. At the same time I would not be one who attempted to underrate the menace of Nazism after Germany's defeat and Hitler's departure from this world. The seed has been



Return to England of the G.O.C. 1st Airborne Division

Lt.-Gen. Lewis H. Brereton, Maj.-Gen. K. N. Crawford and Brig. R. F. Goldsmith are seen here with Maj.-Gen. R. E. Urquhart at a British airport on his return from Arnhem. Though never actually in German hands, Gen. Urquhart said that "at one point it was a case of the width of one room between us"

well and truly planted in so many young minds. Again, if it were not the Nazi seed, it would be a Prussian war bug. Therefore, it is a good political gambit to play for those who fear the future. It is far better to end the war victoriously with this danger firmly in the public mind than to imagine that once peace is declared all is going to be lovely in the garden. It cannot be so. All must be on their guard. Hitler has already left his mark on the world. It has burnt deep in those who have suffered, and may thrive in those contorted adolescent minds of German youth. The problem is, can this Nazi scourge ever be erased from within Europe? He would be a brave person who said that it could, but we all know that every effort must be made to see that it is.

Optimism

IN the United States there is the same official insistence that the war in Europe may last longer than is popularly supposed. The easy

optimism of many people in America is disturbing to the administration and President Roosevelt does not lose an opportunity to point out the problems of the war. It is part of the election campaign he is fighting to remain in the White House in order that he can play his part in the organization of peace. So far President Roosevelt's campaign has been most successful. A friend back from the United States is of opinion that Governor Dewey's chances have sharply declined in the last few weeks. Governor Dewey appears to have started his campaign well, with some advantage on his side. Lately, however, he seems to have failed completely to grip public opinion. The Republican Party machine is solidly behind him, and the caucus vote will be well organized. But these are not the votes that make a candidate President of the United States. It is the independent voter who really counts.

President Roosevelt has apparently got a greater influence with the independent voter than Governor Dewey. He is standing on

his record of three unprecedented terms in the White House. Twelve years is a long time to have control of the administration of a great country, and the ordinary people of the United States are undoubtedly impressed by President Roosevelt's skill. The ordinary people have great confidence in him. The only problem is will they be content to feel this confidence and fail to vote on it.

There is no doubt that Governor Dewey's youth and his comparative lack of experience are proving his greatest handicap. This may seem strange in a country where youth is at a premium, and where change for the sake of change is almost a rule. But even the most astute political bosses are impressed by the power of the Roosevelt epoch and they do not believe that it will end until 1948. In other words, they are certain that President Roosevelt will be returned with a large majority.



Prince Regent of Belgium

Prince Charles of Belgium, brother of King Leopold, was recently appointed Regent to rule the country until his brother is liberated. Prince Charles, who fought with the Maquis, is seen leaving the Chamber of Deputies

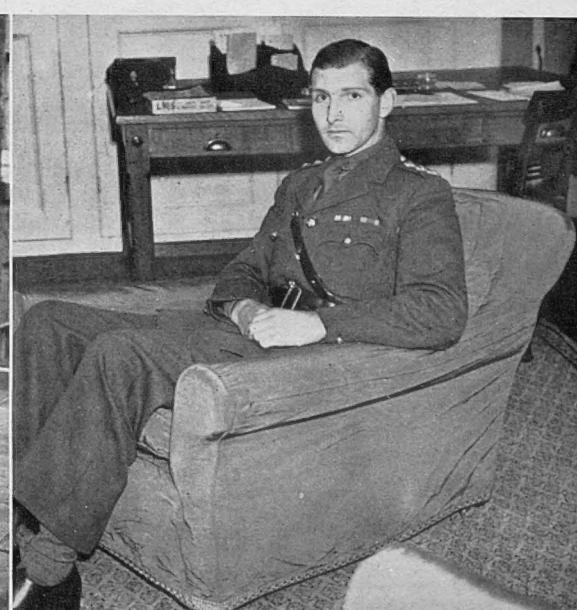


Three of the Personal Staff to go to Australia with the Duke of Gloucester

Brigadier Derek S. Schreiber, 11th Hussars, was Equerry to the Duke during his Australasian tour in 1934-35, and was his Military Assistant in France in 1940



Lt.-Cdr. A. W. P. Robertson, R.N., saw active service in China in 1932-33 and was invalided home through severe illness. He was on Lord Huntingfield's staff in Victoria in 1935-39



Capt. Alexander Ramsay, Grenadier Guards, served with his battalion in Tunisia, and was wounded in attacking a German position near Medjez, losing a leg

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

East and West

By James Agate

WHY does everything Chinese run to such extraordinary length? China's history is one of the longest in the world, her wars never seem to end, her plays take a week to perform, and I am told that when a new Chinese novel appears in six volumes the publishers add a note to the effect that this is only the first instalment. Can it be that the Chinese have abolished Time? *Dragon Seed* (Empire), based like *The Good Earth* on a novel by Pearl S. Buck, is also very long; it runs 147 minutes and only ends because the inhabitants of the Chinese village burn their farms to save them from the Japanese. Otherwise they would just continue marrying, having children, losing children, squabbling and making it up for another two hours and a half.

from any of her family one must suppose such happenings to be part and parcel of a Chinese wife's daily routine.

THERE is some very good acting. There is Akim Tamiroff as a Chinese fifth-columnist, and nothing could be better than his fat, sleek hypocrisy, his cowardice and his greed. In fact I was a little sorry when one of the poisoned Japs bumped him off after suspecting him of having doctored the duck, none of the people left alive being half so amusing. Then we had a perfect performance of an old farmer's wife by Aline MacMahon. I have always admired this actress, although when I wrote to her suggesting that she might claim direct descent from Mrs. Gummidge, she failed to reply.



The Mask of Dimitrios is a full-blooded detective story of Eastern political intrigue, murder and espionage. It revolves round the search of Cornelius Leydon (Peter Lorre), a mild little Dutchman who writes mystery stories, for material for a new plot. The search takes him to Smyrna, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia and Paris, bringing him into contact with international crooks of every sort. Above left: Zachary Scott is seen as Dimitrios, with Irana, the beautiful spy (Faye Emerson); right, Sydney Greenstreet as Mr. Peters, the mysterious Englishman, and Peter Lorre as Mr. Leydon

I USED to think nothing more bewildering than the *dramatis personae* of a Russian play. But this film is equally confusing with its Ling Tan, Wu Lien, Lao Er, Lao San, Lao Ta, and Wu Sao—not to mention the difficulty of sorting out the Third Cousin, the Third Cousin's Wife, and the Fourth Cousin. And all those children, and neighbours, and Jap officers, and Jap Kitchen Overseers, to say nothing of the heroine of the film who is just plain Jade, just played by plain Katharine Hepburn. There is always something rather untameable about Katharine, something that suggests that she hasn't yet found her Petruchio. In the present picture she doesn't discover much scope for her heroics, doing little beyond producing a baby, which among that fecund people must be accounted very small beer. It is true that she poisons the entire Jap officers' mess by putting something deadly in a dish of stewed duck. But as this contribution to the Chinese war effort receives little or no comment

Her husband in this film is that excellent actor, Walter Huston, who doesn't look in the least Chinese, but rather suggests one of Maxim Gorky's endlessly peregrinate philosophers. But every one is good, and if I gave especial praise to the Third Cousin's Wife I know somebody would send me an irate letter saying I meant the Second Cousin's sister-in-law. And what would be the good of answering that? What one needs for a film of this kind is not a mere synopsis but a genealogical tree!

Love Story (Gaumont and Marble Arch Pavilion) takes place in Cornwall. It is an elaborate production, the screen play by Leslie Arliss and Doreen Montgomery being hacked out of a short story by J. W. Drawbell, the production by Harold Huth with Maurice Osterre in Charge of Production, and the direction by Leslie Arliss. To add to all these cooks the broth is further enriched by the co-operation of Rodney Ackland who is

responsible for the dialogue, and Hubert Bath who has composed a Cornish Rhapsody played by the National Symphony Orchestra and conducted by Sidney Beer. And although Margaret Lockwood is supposed to play the solo part in the Rhapsody the fingers are those of Harriet Cohen.

AND the film itself? Well, it lasts for two hours and is entirely taken up with the struggles of two girls to obtain one man. Do I hear you say that this is as old as the Cornish hills? The synopsis does not agree; indeed it says that the screen dramatists "decided to write a screen play away from the beaten track, and show a tale of real people," and so "enable the public while seeing the picture to forget about the war." Well, that is as may be. I found the track extremely beaten, and the people about as real as the characters in a novel by Ouida. Lissa (Margaret Lockwood) is a pianist whose doctors tell her that she has only a few months to live. She therefore gives up the piano and goes to stay at a hotel in Cornwall. And, of course, there is a young man (Stewart Granger) posing as a geologist also on holiday, and of course they meet on one of those jagged rocks in which Cornwall abounds. And of course they fall in love. There is another young woman (Patricia Roc) in the picture. She is the young man's lifelong friend and amuses herself by producing *The Tempest* on the site of a ruined Roman amphitheatre. Later we learn that the young man who crashed in a plane during his period of service in the R.A.F. will go blind if he is not operated on. But of course he doesn't go blind. And of course Patricia, although she confesses to being in love with Stewart and actually becomes engaged to him, doesn't marry him. This bliss is reserved for Lissa, after performing the Cornish Rhapsody at the Albert Hall with the aid of Miss Cohen's nimble fingers.

IF there is anything in this hackneyed story that we haven't heard before it is the introduction of a benevolent Yorkshire engineer (Tom Walls) who in a most un-Yorkshire way, puts up £300 for the *Tempest* production in the course of three minutes and spends his two hours on the screen as an amiable buffer between the two enamoured females and the lackadaisical swain. The entire film is dominated by these four characters, and I daresay there will be some people who will get so tired of all these first-he-woulds and then-she-wouldn'ts that, contrary to the design of Arliss and Montgomery, they will relieve the monotony by thinking about the war.

THE major absurdity is the suggestion that Lissa, represented as a well-known pianist, should cease playing and compose Hubert Bath's Rhapsody instead. Where did she write it? All we see of the agonies of creation is one little slip of paper the size of a menu card on which she makes notes at the piano. And another thing. The filmgoer will leave the cinema wondering whether Lissa is going on living or whether she punctually expires at the end of the allotted three months? Or is it a case of *Omnia vincit amor* and will Stewart's charm banish her unnamed disease for aye, just as that young man's eye disease was banished for aye? Not that I care two hoots: this kind of sentimental mush was never my cup of tea.

BUT there are good things in the picture all the same. The photography of Cornwall is excellent. The additional dialogue of Rodney Ackland has his usual snap and bite. The performances of the three young people are adequate. And Tom Walls is beyond criticism and beyond praise.

China Fights On For Freedom

Pearl Buck's Heroic "Dragon Seed" Is Filmed



Lao Er (Turhan Bey) is the eldest of Ling Tan's three sons. He is married to Jade (Katharine Hepburn), a peasant like himself but one who has been taught to read and who thirsts for all the knowledge books can give. When the Japs overrun Ling Tan's land, Jade and her husband leave for the Chinese interior so that Jade's son may be born in safety

• *Dragon Seed* is being shown at the Empire. Based on the novel by Pearl Buck, it tells of the heroic struggle of the Chinese masses to survive in spite of the fearful indignities and atrocities perpetrated by the Jap invader. The family of Ling Tan are typical of the millions of Chinese who eke out a living from the soil. Their livelihood as well as their life's blood is slowly dragged from them—but their courage remains, secret, indomitable to the last. Young China is personified by Jade, daughter-in-law of the Ling Tans, a girl who has learnt to read and appreciate the power of knowledge. It is Jade who finally persuades her people to burn their farms, ravage the earth and go away into the hills to fight



Orchid (Frances Rafferty), wife of Ling Tan's second son, Lao Ta, is fearfully maltreated and killed by Jap soldiers. Lao Ta and his young brother, Lao San, take to the hills and become leaders of a guerrilla band



Ling Tan and his wife (Walter Huston and Aline MacMahon) stay in their own home and suffer all the privations of war. They watch the children of their neighbours die one by one of starvation



The only man to prosper is Wu Lien (Akim Tamiroff). He is the puppet of the cruel Captain Sato (Robert Lewis) who keeps him as a tool in order that he may discover the whereabouts of the guerrillas who are killing Jap soldiers

The Theatre

"Three's A Family" (Saville)

By Horace Horsnell

AMERICA, ever fertile in invention, has sent us, in this new farcical comedy at the Saville, some hearty, unaffected fun at the expense of young expectant and nursing mothers. Hardly a promising theme for comic treatment, sentimentalists may think. Nor may the arrival of little strangers "out of the Everywhere into here" strike serious realists as a suitable subject to provoke headstrong laughter or invite the loud guffaw. True, it has long served the turn of those free and easy satirists who mock the manners and customs of simple society, and who tickle the ribs with the slapstick. But Phoebe and Henry Ephron, authors of *Three's A Family*, have gone to work on their theme with a disarming enthusiasm that should give no offence, but occasion for much laughter. The situations they exploit may border on farce, even gate-crash the frontiers of comedy; but their comic excesses keep closely in touch with the commonplaces of homely realism, their characters with life, and the obstetrics with decorum. The fun is thorough, but not embarrassing.

Three is a family, no doubt; but in this instance it becomes a crowd. And all because Kitty, resenting her husband's impatient reactions to their baby's crying, runs back to mother, taking the baby, its layette, pram, cot, bath and all the nursery paraphernalia with her.

The parental flat, though cosy, is small, and already filled to capacity by father, mother, and Aunt Irma—particularly Aunt Irma, on whom the brunt of this nursery invasion falls. Ousted from her own cherished bedroom, Irma is forced to park herself on a sofa-by-day and bed-by-night contraption that is imposing rather than friendly, and whose only virtue is its dubious versatility. Otherwise it has all the drawbacks of its public situation, right in the fairway of the flat's congested and now highly emotional life, and all the discomforts of a grudging temperament. Moreover, Irma



Pa and Ma settle a family difference of opinion (Netta Westcott, Morland Graham)

is a shy rather than a sound sleeper. And as she is represented by Miss Vera Pearce, that staunch comedienne who, you may remember, never did suffer fools gladly, even in her vaudeville metamorphoses, catastrophe follows catastrophe with farcical zest.

First, the outraged maid of all work, having neither a maternal instinct herself nor a passion for laundering for other people's babies, throws in her hand and deserts when faced with the incontinent demands of the nursery washing. Then Kitty's brother, a young and nervously expectant father, brings his wife to call when prudence would have kept her at home. And since he has failed to



Aunt Irma finds the only place for her is the living-room sofa (Vera Pearce)

confirm the booking of a reservation in the local nursing home which at the crucial moment has no accommodation, the resources of the flat are further and more farcically overstrained.

Meanwhile, the new maid, an anonymous coloured exotic, who might have been recruited from one of the less savage jungles, or a nigger-minstrel troupe, adds feared disaster to the general anxiety and confusion. She is a gay, black devil who finds comedy in everything and delight in a decanter; and, in an unguarded moment, snatches the baby from its cot and sallies forth with it on a convivial tour of the less reputable hostelleries. This, though merely a skirmish in the general campaign, is one of the more neatly contrived and most laughable episodes, thanks to the immediate goodwill Miss Connie Smith's uninhibited art creates for the character.

Like old-fashioned warfare, farce has its time-honoured rules, and its loudest successes are scored by observing them. They include the well-timed opening up of previously prepared ground, the explosion of well-laid booby-traps, and, above all, the frank repetition of the simplest effects. Needless to say, then, that the impending-maternity dilemma is trebly exploited with increasing success, or that the recruiting of the minor characters becomes progressively extravagant.

Such a play calls for downright rather than subtle acting; for such physical resilience and

frowning fronts as Miss Pearce so happily commands, and the hearty cheerfulness the young people supply. The sensitive art Mr. Morland Graham brings to the sly domestic realism of the old father, though by no means wasted, seems rather ill-used, and Miss Netta Westcott's unruffled naturalness as the mother ungratefully treated; but they do much to give the hullabaloo a plausible background, and leave the foreground free for the wilder frolics of such figures of fun as Mr. Aubrey Mallalieu presents in his superannuated obstetrician, who further confounds confusion, and the coloured unbidable maid so amusingly fulfilled by Miss Smith.



David arrives home and finds his baby missing (Harry Geldard, Joy Shelton)



Archie finds all the maternity hospitals full up (Eileen Dale, Jonathan Field)

The family doctor comes to the rescue in an absent-minded way (Aubrey Mallalieu)



New Team-Work in "Private Lives"

Kay Hammond and John Clements Re-Live the Roles
Created by Gertrude Lawrence and Noel Coward



Just fourteen years after its original presentation at the Phoenix Theatre, Noel Coward's *Private Lives* is to be revived. The parts of Amanda and Elyot, created so unforgettable by Gertrude Lawrence and the author himself, are to be played by Kay Hammond and John Clements, and West End playgoers are to be given another chance of enjoying the wit and craftsmanship which have made this comedy generally acknowledged as one of Mr. Coward's greatest successes. The play has been touring the provinces, and is due to come to London at the end of this month. At the dress rehearsal, which was played to an all-military audience, Mr. Coward made a preliminary speech in which he said that if he had been invited to name successors to the parts originally played by Miss Lawrence and himself in *Private Lives*, he could not have chosen better than the two people now standing behind the curtain "in a state of frozen misery laced with defiance." Kay Hammond has been a Coward heroine since the summer of 1941, when she created Elvira, the ghost-wife in *Blithe Spirit*. John Clements (last seen in *They Came to a City*) is directing the production, and the parts played originally by Adrienne Allan and Laurence Olivier will be taken by Peggy Simpson and Raymond Huntley

Photographs by Alexander Bender

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

A Good Shot

IN the restful, luxurious days of pre-1939, when the Royal programme for the year was settled, in broad outline, in advance, and varied but little from one year to another, the King always set aside a week or two in the early autumn for shooting at Sandringham with a party of men friends. Such arrangements are not possible, even for His Majesty, in these crowded days, and even if he could find the time from his scant leisure, the game preserves on the Royal estates in Norfolk, like those elsewhere belonging to less-exalted sportsmen, are suffering sadly from the necessary neglect of five years of war.

I understand, however, that His Majesty has been able to put in a few days' shooting in the country just recently, and has, as always, enjoyed his days in the open air very greatly indeed. From a friend who has shot often with the King, both over the Royal estates and at other shoots, I hear that the King, as he gets older, is steadily improving as a shot, with a style and stance that are to-day strongly reminiscent of his father, King George V., who was, by common consent, acknowledged as one of the half-a-dozen finest shots in the whole country.

Arnhem Hero Safe

HOSTS of his friends—who certainly include the King and Queen, and the Prime Minister and Mrs. Churchill—were delighted at the good news that Lt.-Gen. F. A. M. ("Boy") Browning, of the Airborne Army, was safe after the enemy report that he had been taken prisoner at the battle of Arnhem. One of "Boy" Browning's many gifts is a great capacity for making, and keeping, friends, and many of his staff officers in the command of our magnificent paratroops and glider men are Guards officers who have been his close personal friends since the days when, at the age of thirty-nine, he commanded the Second Battalion of the

Grenadier Guards. In the hectic days before "D" Day, when he was supervising the final stages of the training of his men, and looking in very often at the American Airborne formations who were to work in such close harmony with his own sky warriors, General Browning made scores of new friends among the American officers and men, to whom his immaculate appearance, even at the end of a long and hard day's training, and his ever-polished boots, were a source of constant wonder and delight. From the Americans he received a gift that pleased him greatly—one of the short, thick-belted, cloth battle-jackets that are part of the U.S. officers' equipment; and, with scant regard for orthodoxy, he wore the American coat frequently over his British tunic, even once appearing in this garb on a Royal inspection of an Airborne Division, much to the King's amusement.

Scottish Newsreel

LIFE in the North seems to have acquired a more variegated, more spirited tempo than ever. Every night is a "gala night" at the Guise—most soigne of Edinburgh's supper-time meeting-places—and at Mrs. Ismay Ross's ritzy H.Q. hard-by in Hanover Street, where Service girls and boys form a veritable League of Nations.

At one or other of these fashionable haunts lately I have seen two of Lord Inverclyde's nieces, Anne and Margaret Maclean, representing the Senior Service and the A.T.S. very effectively; Ursula Constable-Maxwell, Lord Lovat's cousin, once a sculptress of promise and now one of the country's camouflage experts; and "Marnie" and Colina MacLachlan, whose mother, a daughter of the late Cluny Macpherson, is chatelaine of Castle Lachlan on bonnie Loch Fyne-side. The hard-working Phyllis Lady Delamere commutes daily to Hawick to pack parcels for prisoners of war;

(Continued on page 42)



Hampshire Wedding

Sub-Lt. D. MacAdam Craig, R.N., and Miss Elizabeth Gourlie were married at All Saints', Botley. The bride is the daughter of Col. James Gourlie, D.S.O., former commander of the Central India Horse, and of Mrs. Gourlie



Married in London

Lt. Michael Hickman, 11th Hussars, son of the late Brig.-Gen. T. E. Hickman and Mrs. Hickman, of Moreton Morrell, Warwickshire, married Miss Loraine Clutterbuck, younger daughter of Lt.-Col. M. I. Clutterbuck, at St. George's, Hanover Square



Lady Queensberry and Her Portrait of a General

The Marchioness of Queensberry, otherwise that clever artist Cathleen Mann, has been painting portraits of Allied Commanders in France, and has travelled some five thousand miles by jeep, her work sometimes taking her within two miles of the front line. Above is her portrait of Gen. Omar Bradley. Lady Queensberry will shortly hold an exhibition in London



The Duke of Gloucester's Home, Barnwell Manor

Bringing in the Harvest At Barnwell Manor, Northamptonshire

• Harvesting was in full swing on the Duke of Gloucester's home farm at Barnwell Manor when these pictures were taken, and the Duke was busy helping to get it in. Barnwell Manor estate, near Oundle, was bought by the Duke of Gloucester in 1938, and he and the Duchess have made it their country home, with Prince William, and the recent addition to the family, Prince Richard. A ruined castle stands in the grounds, dating from Henry III's time



Through the Archway of the Ruined Castle



The Duke Lends a Hand



A Good Crop is Loaded Up

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

Sir "Jock" Buchanan-Jardine is frequently around; and Mr. and Mrs. Cowan Dobson are busy planning the latest exhibition of his portraits, which are to be on view within the next few weeks, the proceeds to go to the Red Cross.

Postscript

OTHER distinguished visitors to the Scottish capital are Lady Smiley and the ever-elegant Lynn Fontanne, co-shoppers in Prince's Street; Lady Jean Bertie, bareheaded in the rain, curio-hunting in the old town with her soldier husband; the Hon. Mrs. Ian Lindsay, Lord Loch's tall sister, just back from a pilgrimage to that most lovely of West Highland isles, Iona; and Mrs. Maule Ramsay's decorative dark-haired daughter, Claudia Crichton-Stuart, now lorry-driving for the Navy.

In Perthshire

IN the Crieff-bound train I met Lord George Scott, the Duchess of Gloucester's uncle, who was on his way to Abercairny to stay



Photograph at Bagatelle by Swaebe

Five in Conversation Round a Small Table

Having a before-dinner drink in a London restaurant were Lt. Noble, the Hon. William and Mrs. Bethell, Mrs. Joe Phillips and Capt. A. M. Fife. Mr. Bethell is Lord Bethell's younger son



Four People Dining at the Mirabell

Sir William Becher, M.C., and Mrs. Patrick Smythe dined together. He is in the Rifle Brigade



Swaebe

S/Ldr. Carswell made his wife laugh at the dinner-table. She was formerly Mrs. Rex Hartley



Holloway, Northampton

Lady Exeter at Home to the Wounded

Wounded American soldiers, guests of the Northampton Friendship Committee, were entertained by the Marchioness of Exeter when they visited her home, Burghley House, Stamford



Raising Money for a Spitfire

Lady Rowan-Hamilton has worked extremely hard as chief sponsor of the "Victory Fund for Ulster." £5000 has been raised for a Spitfire, to be known as "Ulster's Victory Spitfire"

with his daughter, Jean (Mrs. Drummond-Moray), who lives in a cottage on the estate, doing all her own housework. Mrs. Drummond-Moray's twin sister, Marjorie, and her husband, Adam Bell, have recently set up house in the West Country, where he supervises the management of the Duke of Somerset's Devonshire acres. At seventy-seven, Lord George, who has all the traditional verve and charm of manner of the Scotts, is a practised historian with a penchant for the ramifications of the Stuart dynasty. For some time he has been at work on a memoir of his ancestor, the Duke of Monmouth. He has been obliged to shut Kirklands, his Border home, owing to the servant problem, and now makes his headquarters with his bachelor brother, Lord Henry Scott, near Melrose.

Near neighbours of the Drummond-Morays at Abercairny include Lord Ancaster, whose daughter-in-law, young Lady Willoughby de Eresby, works at a canteen for the Services in Crieff, besides keeping the home fires burning at historic Drummond Castle. Lord Willoughby is fortunately making good progress in a military hospital in the Midlands, following his recent injuries in France. Then there are Sir James and Lady Roberts, who run their own home farm at Strathallan Castle; the newly-wedded Lady (William) Jardine—the former Ann Maitland of Dundrennan—who has leased a parsonage at Muthill while her soldier husband is following the drum; and the hospitable Muirs of Braco.

Gleneagles

OVER the way, in the solitude of the romantic home of his ancestors, another gifted writer, General Sir Aylmer Haldane, has been at work on his memoirs while staying with the Chinnery-Haldanes at Gleneagles. To visit this enchanting seventeenth-century house, set in a vale of the emerald-green Ochils, with its magnificent 300-year-old lime avenue, pre-Reformation chapel, low-ceilinged, panelled rooms and priceless family portraits, is to step right back into the past. I hear, by the way, that Mrs. Naomi Mitchison—another of the talented Haldanes—has made Gleneagles the setting of her new book. She is Professor J. B. S. Haldane's sister, and has been busy managing her farmlands at Carradale, in a remote corner of the Mull of Kintyre, since the beginning of the war.

Evening Out

WITH all the service problems and rationing restrictions of to-day, restaurants have come into their own as the meeting-place for family gatherings and intimate parties à deux. At one famous London restaurant the other evening I saw Lady Mary Herbert greeting many friends. She stopped to talk to Countess Fortescue, who had her two daughters, Lady Margaret and Lady Elizabeth Fortescue, with her.

(Concluded on page 56)

In the Garden

Pictures from Here and There



Cox, Bournemouth

Mrs. Peter Kerr and Peter David

Mrs. Kerr, formerly Enid Wyard, is the only child of Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Wyard. Her husband, Major Peter John Kerr, has been serving with the Monmouthshire Regiment since 1939. Their son, Peter David, is nine months old



Mr. and Mrs. Greville Baylis and Their Son

Mr. Greville Baylis is in the Irish Guards, and his marriage to Miss Patricia Willshire, only child of Sir Gerard and Lady Maxwell-Willshire, took place last year. They have a small son called Greville Mark Pollard



D. R. Stuart

Mrs. Van Straubenzee and Her Daughter

The wife of Lt.-Col. H. H. Van Straubenzee, Oxford and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, was formerly Miss Angela de Laune Fenwick. Her brother, Capt. Ian Fenwick, the well-known cartoonist, was killed in action recently



Wives and Families of the Men Who Commanded the Airborne Troops at Arnhem

Mrs. Urquhart, wife of Major-Gen. R. E. Urquhart, D.S.O., who commanded the 1st British Airborne Division at Arnhem, is seen with her daughters, Elspeth and Judith, at Chudleigh. Major-Gen. Urquhart escaped from Arnhem after being involved in some street fighting



The wife and family of Major-Gen. F. A. M. Browning, Chief of Britain's Airborne Troops, were having tea at home in Cornwall when photographed. Mrs. Browning has since had good news of her husband, who was dropped with his troops in Holland. She is the well-known authoress, Daphne du Maurier

Standing By...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

NOTHING demonstrates the re-awakening of Paris more than the recent resumption of the Métro, which smells far nicer than the London Underground and is far less terrifying than the New York Subway.

The Métro smells nicer than the Underground because it lacks those foul hot dry chemical blasts which blow through the Underground passages perpetually, and because they spray the Métro daily with some pleasant disinfectant—possibly Eau de Javel—which vaguely recalls springtime in the Champs-Elysées. It is not as terrifying as the Subway because nothing is as terrifying as the Subway, where the officials are rare and rude, the difference between the "local" and the "express" service may easily drive you crazy, and there are no maps to speak of. Moreover in every late Subway train, express or local, there is a drunk gentleman who wants to kill everybody. Also a sailor embracing a cutie. Sometimes the sailor leaps cleverly through the doors at Grand Central or Times Square just as the train is gathering speed, leaving the cutie furiously chewing gum. Often his nerve fails him at the last moment. You can see there is no admiral's cap in that gob's kitbag.

Another thing about the Métro, including the Nord-Sud, is that it does not abet wrongdoing like the Underground. You can't throw off anybody you have harmed very easily in the Métro because it is only a few steps down from the street, and he can catch and slay you, whereas in the Underground you can dodge him round that maze of tunnels as if you were in the Catacombs, apart from means of escape afforded by dozens of escalators and deep lifts. In the Subway you probably fight it out in the train, with Mike or Izzy-somebody taking the bets. And serve you right for not going by taxi.

Dope

WHEN elegantly monocled, nattily cream-silk-lounge-suited Mr. Jinnah, the Moslem leader in India, met and embraced Mr. Gandhi in his simple but well-cut loin-cloth and steel spectacles before their conference the other day, we weren't surprised that the special correspondents thought it a remarkable spectacle. It needed only Pandit Nehru, sporting the Old Harrovian blazer to which he is entitled, to make the exotic picture complete.

Knowing less firsthand about India, past or present, than God's humblest leader-writer, we happen to know a lot about Pakistan, Mr. Jinnah's projected Sovereign Moslem State to balance Hindustan, having been sent some time ago a wad of admirably-printed and illustrated propaganda about it, in impeccable English prose. (You ask why on earth it came to us. The Moslem League publicity boys probably thought we were the chap who writes Shaw's stuff). Pakistan looks pretty impressive on paper. So does most well-done propaganda. That literature of the East set us musing on other specimens, and thence on the curious change the word "propaganda" has undergone in some places within recent memory. For centuries it used to mean propagation of the truth, just as "news" used to mean a report of something that actually happened.

How much the hamfaced public really absorbs of the propaganda which deafens and batters it from every side nowadays would be interesting to discover. But we guess the revelation would break a few of the ad. boys' eager, loving hearts.

ROMANCE - GLAMOUR - DRAMA



William Scully

"Well—that's killed a couple of hours"

Hat

SINCE the Balkan races, like the Turks, took to bowler hats they interest this department less and less, this department's opinion of the bowler hat being that it would make the Mandrill at the Zoo look ignoble, despite his striking blue-and-crimson behind. Which goes for Ruritania and the Near East en bloc.

So, if you agree, the bowlerhatted Bulgarian politician Nikola Tsankoff, known as "The Vampire," now hiding in Berlin, is doubly an ass to use a nickname which would go sweetly with the old Bulgar comitadji-dress and whiskers, but is merely grotesque when attached to somebody indistinguishable in appearance from a chartered accountant in South Mimms. Judge therefore of our pained protests when an authority on Balkan affairs told us, last week, that the principal surviving actor in the most exciting Ruritanian play

(Concluded on page 46)



Henry Starden

"Wasn't that wall-paper perfectly frightful!"

London Film Premiere

First-Nighters at "The Hitler Gang"



Lord Bruntisfield had his eldest son, Major the Hon. John Warrender, M.C., with him at the premiere



Lady Louis Mountbatten sat beside Mr. Noel Coward, who recently returned from entertaining the troops in the Middle East

Many well-known people attended the first performance of *The Hitler Gang* at the Carlton Theatre. Made in Hollywood by B. G. De Sylva, the film is an authentic record of Hitler's early life and struggles, and his gradual rise to power, and both he and his accomplices are excellently portrayed by hitherto unknown actors



Right: Beatrice Lillie was there, and was photographed in the foyer at the Carlton with a young friend



Sir Charles Portal and Sir Archibald Sinclair



Air Marshal Sir Norman and Lady Bottomley



Mrs. Charles Sweeny came in American Red Cross uniform, with Colonel Hammond



Gen. Sir Frederick Pile, C-in-C, Anti-Aircraft Command, brought his wife to the premiere



Lord and Lady Milne arrived together at the Carlton to see "The Hitler Gang"

Standing By ...

(Continued)

of the century is walking about Cairo at this moment *en civil* (quite probably, he added, with a bowler hat). This is the eminent Serbian soldier, since a general, who commanded the Palace Guard at Belgrade that night in the early 1900's when a group of officers rushed in, murdered Queen Draga and King Alexander Obrenovich in their beds, and brought back the Karageorge Dynasty. Pure Anthony Hope, that drama is, and the present spectacle of the only living man who knows the truth no more recalls that Belgrade night, evidently, than the spectacle of Mr. Ernest Bevin rolling down Whitehall recalls Helen of Troy.

That hat Never mind. Some other time, maybe.

Vendetta

WITHIN ten days recently Ben Nevis killed three climbers, showing that the great Scottish peaks are as bitter against men as the Alps, the Pyrenees, or the Himalayas.

Mountains try to crush men's spirit with their towering contempt even when there is no attempt by fools to climb them. They haven't succeeded to any extent with the Basques (French and Spanish) or the Scots, who defy them, but they have overwhelmed the Swiss so thoroughly that the unfortunate Swiss can only make cuckoo-clocks and run hotels, and are tamely subject every winter to great bouncing girls from Kensington with monstrous knees.

Yet that old French proverb "*Pas d'argent, pas de Suisse*"—which refers to the aiglon habit of Swiss mercenary troops of going on strike on the eve of a major battle if their pay was held up—shows that once away from their mountains the

Swiss can be as pert and awkward as anybody. Compare also the desperate gallantry of the Swiss Guard which fought and died to a man at the sack of Rome, and two centuries later at Versailles.

Undoubtedly there is a lot of dash and personality latent in the Swiss, but the Alps overhang and crush it. Anybody who knows the appalling town of Geneva will recall that rigid and menacing atmosphere in which the lumpish Genevese drag out their lack-lustre lives. They daren't cock a snook at Mont Blanc.

The aborigines of the High Pyrenees snap their fingers at the devils who infest the Maladetta and the Encantados, but are careful not to provoke them. So also the Highland Scots, who also fortify themselves with whisky.

Or did, before Lease-Lend.

Chum

QUICK to point out to the Race matters that concern it most deeply, the special correspondent boys at Quebec noted almost to a man that Mr. Roosevelt's Scottie pup was with him. You may bet the news from Quebec will henceforth be read at millions of breakfast-tables with passionate interest.

When Alfred Savoir produced his charming comedy *Little Catherine* in London some years ago he cleverly introduced two big live Borzois into it, which made it run

"Do be careful, dear—you might hit the lamp"

quite a while. We've often urged on the theatre boys that this cast-iron recipe would make even *Hamlet* a wow. For example, during that typical Renaissance blood-bath at the end, when the corpses are piling up and the audience is yawning and fumbling under the seat for its hats:

KING: She swoons to see them bleed!

QUEEN: No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet!

The drink, the drink! I am poison'd! (Falls.)

HAM: O villainy!—Ho!... let the door be lock'd!

Treachery! Seek it out! (Laertes falls.)

LAER: It is here, Hamlet; Hamlet, thou art slain; No medicine—

HAM: One moment.

An Aberdeen bitch trots across the stage. The audience have already stood on their seats to see it in Acts I, II, III, and IV. They rise again.

KING: Here, Woofles!

Queen gets off the floor and picks Woofles up, saying "Wipsy-bipsy-boopsy-boopsy-tum-to-Muver!"

Thunders of applause. Boss Agate wakes up in C1 and begins rocking to and fro.

HAM: Naughty doggie doesn't lub oos Hammie!

Byplay with Woofles: Hysteria in the stalls. Agate is sick. Stage-manager, in wings, coughs twice loudly. Queen puts Woofles down and lies prone as Woofles trots off. Applause dies away.

HAM (to Laer): Well, as you were saying, sir? "No medicine—?"

LAER: No medicine in the world can do thee good, In thee there is not half an hour of life (etc., etc.)

There's a solid three weeks' West End run in this version, and you can quote us!

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"E.N.S.A., I suppose"



"Do be careful, dear—you might hit the lamp"

Or did, before Lease-Lend.

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D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"White Water" is the Home of Mrs. J. Otho Paget

Three's a Family

Lady Worsley-Taylor and Her Daughter, Anne, Are Staying with Mrs. J. O. Paget

• Lady Worsley-Taylor is making her wartime home with her mother, Mrs. J. Otho Paget, at "White Water," Warnborough, Basingstoke. The former Miss Anne Paget, only daughter of the late Captain J. Otho Paget, of Burrough, near Melton Mowbray, married Sir John Worsley-Taylor, Scots Guards, in 1942. Their daughter, who is named after her mother, was born just three months ago



Lady Worsley-Taylor and Mrs. Paget

Photographs by Swaebe



Mutual Admiration: Lady Worsley-Taylor and Her Daughter, Anne



A Committee Meeting in Session

The Committee of the Council for Europe is the highest authority of UNRRA's European headquarters. Among those seated at the table are Mr. Roy Hendrickson, Deputy Director-General for Supply (U.S.); Sir Arthur Salter, Senior Deputy Director-General, H.Q., Washington; Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, Deputy Director-General, Administration, London; and Dr. Melville McKenzie, Chairman of the Standing Technical Sub-Committee on Health, London

Photographs by Pictorial Press



Second-in-Command, Services and Areas

Mr. Edward E. Rhatigan, U.S.A., is second-in-command to Mr. Lithgow Osborne, Department of Services and Areas. Mr. Rhatigan is one of America's leading authorities on the subject of Welfare. Immediately prior to joining UNRRA he was acting Commissioner for Welfare in New York City



In Charge of Services and Areas

Mr. Lithgow Osborne is the Deputy Director-General in charge of the Department of Services and Areas. At the moment he is in Australia, and when he returns to Washington a new appointment is awaiting him. He is to be appointed United States Minister to Norway. Mr. Osborne was Assistant Secretary-General at the Washington Disarmament Conference in 1921

• THE UNITED NATIONS RELIEF AND REHABILITATION ADMINISTRATION, commonly known as UNRRA, came into being nearly a year ago, at the Atlantic City, N.J., Meeting. It is regarded as an organisation likely to be of the utmost consequence in post-war years. It is a co-operative body, and a permanent link between the Administration and the Allied national authorities or Governments is secured through various Committees on which sit Allied representatives. As far as the European Area is concerned, the Committee of the Council for Europe meets in London. Twelve European countries, including the U.S.S.R., are represented on it, together with three non-European countries chosen among the main suppliers, the United States, Canada and Brazil. UNRRA will act, in the case of liberated countries, after the "military period" of the liberation is completed. A staff of three hundred is already working in London on practical plans for providing food, medical supplies, and industrial and agricultural needs to liberated Europe



Heads of the Dep...

Mr. Nicolai Ivanovich Feonov, of the Department of Supply, has Mr. assistant. Mr. Feonov is the youngest European H.Q. He has held many in the U.S.S.R. Mr. Roscoe Herbert and was formerly Principal Assistant



Deputy Director-General at His Desk

Leiter, G.B.E., K.C.B., M.P., was the Senior Deputy Director-General in Washington when this photograph was taken. He has since resigned, yet been made. Previously Sir Arthur was Joint Parliamentary Commissioner for Transport and Shipping, a post which he resigned in order to assist in the organisation period of UNRRA." A highly-distinguished British Civil Servant, he has worked on an extensive variety of international problems of transport, having first entered the Admiralty in 1904. He has been awarded honorary degrees at Manchester, Vienna, Harvard, Columbia, McGill and California.

the Scenes of UNRRA and Rehabilitation Administration at Work



The Deputy Director-General, Administration

Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., K.C.M.G., C.B., is in charge of the Department of Administration. For a generation Sir Frederick has been regarded as one of the world's greatest economic experts, and since 1932 he has held the position of Chief Economic Adviser to the Government. From 1939-42 he was Director-General of the Ministry of Economic Warfare.



Deputy Director-General of Supply

The Deputy Director-General in charge of Supply is Roscoe Herbert as his principal assistant. He is one of the three heads of UNRRA's important economic and trade posts (right), is a British Civil Servant, and has been Secretary in the Ministry of Supply.



Second-in-Command, Administration

Mr. Dudley Ward is Principal Assistant to Sir Frederick Leith-Ross. Mr. Dudley Ward is Director and Manager of the British Overseas Bank, and is a specialist on German economic questions, having been British representative on the Dawes Scheme for Reparations Commission. He was at one time Assistant Editor of the "Economist."



Executive Secretary, Administrative Council

Mr. George S. Mooney is the Executive Secretary of the Administrative Council of the European Regional Office of UNRRA. Mr. Mooney is a Canadian; he is a Director of the Montreal Economic Bureau and Director of the Canadian Federation of Mayors and Municipalities.



Percy Marmont and his daughter Patricia both appear in the film. It is Patricia's screen debut, and when her part is completed she will serve with the W.A.C.s, into which she was enrolled some weeks ago, entertaining troops overseas



Harry Welchman appears in the film as the local Squire. He is seen above with his wife, Sylvia, who is Jane Baxter's sister, and his daughter, Pamela

On Location in Cumberland

The Lovely Vale of St. John's Provides the Setting for "Loyal Heart"

• *Loyal Heart* is the story of a sheep-dog based on Ernest Lewis's book *Beth*, and adapted to the screen by George Cooper. The film is being made entirely amid the beauty spots of Cumberland, including St. John's in the Vale, Derwentwater, around Keswick and in the village of Threlkeld. A prize sheep-dog, "Fleet," owned by Mr. Joe Relph, a local sheep-farmer, breeder of dogs and Fell ponies, has the star role in the film, which is being directed by Oswald Mitchell

Photographs by Omar



Threlkeld village, near Keswick, with Helvellyn Range in the background forming part of the Vale of St. John's, is the scene of the film



"Fleet" is the star of the film. He is seen with his master, Mr. Joe Relph, of Birkett Bank Farm, in the Vale of St. John's, a well-known sheep-dog trainer



THE TA
AND BYST
OCTOBER



K. H. Gaseltine

D. R. Stuart

Father and Daughters

A Rally of Members of the 17 Group R.O.C.
This photograph, taken on the occasion of a visit from the A.O.C. Air Defence of Great Britain, shows: Obs./Off. Miss W. Idish, Obs./Lt. Miss Haywood, Obs./Cdr. Wilkinson, Obs./Capt. Hamilton (Southern Area Commandant R.O.C.), Obs./Lt. Holland, Air Marshal Sir Roderic Hill (A.O.C. A.D.G.B.), Obs./Lt. Deeping (Adj't., No. 17 Group), Air Cdre. Finlay-Crarar (Commandant R.O.C.), Obs./Lt. Thompson, Obs./Cdr. H. R. Whitty (Group Commandant, No. 17 Group)

Lt.-Col. W. F. Campbell, Resident for Central India, is seen here with his two elder daughters, Cecily and Moireen, who have been serving for fourteen months on the Eastern Front with the Women's Auxiliary Service

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

To the Valiant

HERE are horses like men the good and the bad, game 'uns and shifters, and some that are mad; but give me the one on four legs or two, whose heart is pure gold, whose colour's true blue! Here's how to all those who fight till the end through rough and the smooth as Fortune may send! Drink it in bubbly or drink it in beer, down it, no heel-taps, and give 'em a cheer!

From *A Lay of a Chaser*.

P.T. and P.I.A.T.

THE first two initials stand for Physical Training: the last four for "Putting It Across Them." The name to which these letters are attachable is Dempsey.

Lieut.-Commander Jack Dempsey arrived in this country a short time ago, and, being expert in such matters, is to be concerned with settling up a unit of the U.S. Navy. It is presumed that it is hardly necessary to record what the other Dempsey has done, and will yet do? Both these specialists pack a good-night punch in each hand.

The Champion

IT is not very easy to assess Hycilla's quite bloodless victory in the Champion Stakes at Newmarket on September 26th vis-à-vis her failure in the Leger, for the distance was only 1½ miles, and, at that point in the long race Hycilla was, to my way of thinking, going better than any of them, pulling double and

seemingly ready, the moment she was asked, to put paid to the whole account. For the next quarter of a mile in this fast-run race she still looked to have plenty of ammunition to spare; but then she practically stopped, and the only conclusion it was possible to draw was that 1½ miles was the extreme limit of her tether. When her jockey in the Leger believed that victory was impossible, he did not knock her about, and since, from whatever cause, she was then out of action, this was a very proper thing to do. Hycilla had been tried quite good enough to win the Leger, and misleading as some home gallops are, Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort is too practised a hand to have made any elementary mistake. Hycilla has, moreover, given us the best 1½-mile gallop in public that we have seen in her stylish win in the Oaks, and there was no doubt that at the finish of that race she was travelling on. The time in the Leger 1 mile 6 furlongs 150 yards—not 132 yards, be it marked, as at Doncaster—was 3 minutes 6 1-5th seconds. This means that the pace was very solid, as indeed it was, in striking contrast to that in the Derby, when the time was all put up in the last 6 furlongs. The pace in the Oaks was true—Hycilla won easily. Why, then, was she so decisively beaten in the Leger? Horses

(Concluded on page 52)



Birthday Gift for N.F.S. College

To celebrate the third anniversary of the N.F.S. College at Saltdean, Mr. Herbert Morrison visited the College, and presented the Commandant, Brig. C. C. Heppell, D.S.O., M.C., with a portrait of himself by Norman Heppell. Above are the sitter and the picture



U.S. Art at the National Gallery

G/Capt. Lord Willoughby de Broke, chairman of the American War Artists' Exhibition, introduced Brig.-Gen. Frank Allen (left), Chief of the Public Relations Division of Shaef, who opened the show. On the right is Sir Kenneth Clark, Director of the National Gallery

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

never have been machines. It is merely a personal idea, but did she beat herself in the Leger? She was fighting for her head for the first $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles, and perhaps for even a bit more. It is no new thing for this to be known to take more out of an animal than would be the case if it had been allowed to gallop on. This is my theory in this case. She was differently bitted in the Leger to what she was in the Oaks and the Champion Stakes. I know very little about the "American" snaffle she wore in her two wins, if it was some new invention, but I gather that it was merely the old strap which prevents a horse getting his tongue over the bit. The Champion Stakes win does not tell us whether Hycilla can stay. She beat a good field, and beat it all the way. Borealis cannot have recovered from his fight in the Leger, in which he was all out when he beat Ocean Swell for second honours, and, as we know, Tehran had given the whole lot of them a bad bucketing all the way, especially from The Dip in; so he is not discredited. Fair Fame formerly belonged to the fallen-



D. R. Stuart

Boxing: R.A.F. University Cadets Beat the Army and the Navy

Sitting: K. B. Neely (New College), J. W. Smith (Oriel), C. E. Birkinshaw (Magdalene, captain), Sgt. A. E. Gallie (A.P.T.C., coach), J. L. Hogg (O.U.A.S.), J. V. Carter (Queen's), N. E. Williams (Magdalene). **Standing:** E. M. Russo (captain of Oxford University Boxing), W. H. Dalgleish (Magdalene); R. D. Farnell (New College), B. H. Boddy (New College), D. G. Milne (B.N.C.), J. R. Hargreaves (Keble), N. A. Emplice (Wadham), A. V. Endsor (Jesus), F/O. R. A. Smith (O.U.A.S.)

He is not to run again till next year, when most probably he will tear them all to tatters in the Guineas, and then set us all wondering and wrangling about Nearco, who has not yet established himself as a progenitor of stayers. Here, however, he has produced one fast enough to set the turf on fire.

Just as these notes go to press, there arrives the news of the death of that very gallant gentleman, Captain Percy Whitaker, *Multis ille bonis febilis occidit.*

Picking a Winner

A *"Somewhere in Africa,"* of how a British cavalry officer of a unit that is still horsed rode a winner barebacked, defeating the star performer of a cavalry unit of a friendly Power. It happened at a Fourteenth of July Celebration race-meeting. The British officer, who was on liaison duty, suddenly discovered, on glancing over the correct card, a match over 5 furlongs for a thousand francs, catch weights, between Le Commandant Anglais and Le Chef de la Région. It was the first he had heard of it, and he hastened to explain that his only available charger was dead lame, and that therefore, much as he would have liked to, he could not

take it on. "Sanfarian," or words to that effect, said the Stewards. "You can take your pick of the animals in a race for the local inhabitants which is run just before the match!" So that was that. Our friend watched this contest with an added interest, and what he saw was that the one that finished fourth was what I believe is called in that turf slang "hooked up"—not trying—out for an airing—"ow you say?" So he picked it as his ride. As he was considerably heavier than his rival jockey, he decided to dispense with a saddle. Right up to the last furlong it was anyone's money, but then the other competitor's horse thought he had done enough, and promptly cleared out of the course to the refreshment-tent, eventually coming to an anchor all amongst the eau de vie bottles, coffee cups and marrons glacés; so the British cavalry came home alone amidst enthusiastic shouts of "Vive l'Angleterre!" which were renewed even more vociferously when the winning jockey presented the stakes to the cause of La Libération Française. So a good time was had by all, and L'Entente Cordiale cemented more firmly than ever! *Vive la France!* P.S.—It looks to me as though we have a ready-made successor to Mr. Arthur Fawcett!



D. R. Stuart

Admiral Sir Bertram and Lady Thesiger

Admiral Sir Bertram Thesiger, seen with his wife, returned to active service from the retired list in 1939, and served as a Commodore, R.N.R., from 1940 to 1942, when he became Flag Officer in Charge, Falmouth

woman class, but now obviously has decided to return to the fold of the righteous. Abbots Fell got badly blocked in, otherwise who knows? Anyway, on that day nothing, I am certain, could have beaten little Hycilla.

Dante in Paradiso

THE gentleman after whom Sir Eric Ohlson's charming colt is named used to be, before he wrote those famous thrillers, in the Florentine Cavalry, and I expect—though, mind you, I do not know for certain—that it was at that time he first caught the eye of Beatrice Portinari. I say this because I know what girls used to be like when cavalry were cavalry. Anyway, Dante was a very dashing, flashing blade, for he first fell in love at the age of nine—a bit precocious. His namesake, this colt by an Italian sire, seems to take after the poetic horse-soldier, for he will not take no for an answer. He squandered the whole lot of them in the Coventry Stakes, and then did exactly the same thing in the Middle Park.



D. R. Stuart

Four Distinguished Cricketers

John D. Mathews, who captained Cambridge in 1942, is now walking the hospital in Edinburgh, preparing to be a surgeon, and plays for East of Scotland when work permits. John Kerr is the veteran Scottish international cricketer

S/Ldr. R. V. Robins, returned from instructing in Canada, played again for England this summer. With him is Col. G. H. M. Cartwright, who runs the Eton Ramblers XI., and turns out for the Buccaneers, M.C.C. and Old Etonians



With Mr. M. N. Conway, veterinary surgeon, the Hon. Mrs. Gerald Wellesley inspected Mr. John Dewar's filly, which was sold for 750 guineas to Mr. W. O'Grady



Lord and Lady Talbot de Malahide, who are both great supporters of the Irish Turf, were looking for future winners at the sales

Buying and Selling at Dublin Yearling Sales

Photographs by Poole, Dublin



Lord Glentoran, one of whose fillies by Walvis Bay was sold to Mr. Hubert Hartigan for 500 guineas, chatted to the Hon. Gerald Wellesley, another purchaser



Major and Mrs. Dermot McCalmont were with Viscount Adare. Major McCalmont, Master of the Kilkenny Hounds, won this year's Irish Derby with Slide On

Breeders and owners attended in force the recent Yearling Sales at Ballsbridge, Dublin, and at the close of the second day the auctioneers were able to announce the best sale on record. The top price of 3,300 guineas was paid by Mr. Hubert Hartigan for Colonel Giles Loder's bay filly by Stardust out of Sarita



Mrs. John Alexander, acting Master of the Limerick Hounds, was perusing the catalogue with Mrs. A. H. Watt, wife of a former Master of the United Hounds in Co. Cork



Lt.-Col. Evelyn Shirley, owner of a Stardust colt sold for 1300 guineas, is with Cdr. Peter Fitzgerald, a famous pre-war breeder, and Mrs. Fitzgerald

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Personality

ENGLISH novelists; since the novel began, have packed their pages with "characters"—comic, resplendent or sinister. So gladly do we enter this gallery, so much entertained are we by these personages and by the super-life with which their creators endow them, that we seldom ask how *deep* characters go. These fictitious men and women more than play their required parts—what more do we want?

Nothing more, perhaps. Should I seem to be quarrelling with the English novel if I were to point out that, while it deals superbly with *character*, it tends to fight shy of *personality*? And what is the distinction between the two? Character is definable, personality not. Character works itself out in external action; personality is something slumberous, deep-down, and so slow, oblique or tricky in its effects that it might appear to be inactive. But the very fact of its being what you might call nebulous makes it all the more powerful. Again, personality is rarer than character: you cannot be alive and human without having some kind of character; but in only (say) one out of fifty men, women and children do we meet that enigmatic, dynamic, disturbing force that we have agreed to call personality. Once met, it is unmistakable. Do we like or dislike it; are we repelled or attracted?—we never quite know. We all know the man or woman no cap quite fits; who can never be finally pinned down or accounted for. Over your or my relationship with any one such person a sort of perpetual query hangs. The story is never totally satisfying; but, at the same time, is never totally finished. One might say that people with personality attract complex love rather than simple friendship—for one thing, to know them takes a good deal of time. And, it is impossible to come in contact with personality without being profoundly affected by it, in ways that one cannot gauge and one may not like. Nothing is more dire than the misuse or waste of this semi-voluntary, semi-involuntary power over other human beings: it needs, above all, to be canalised by clear intellect and scrupulous will. Personality finding a major channel has given us saints, statesmen, geniuses in the arts: as against this, personality running riot makes in the main for destruction, confusion, loss.

Mrs. Jardine

IF personalities are troublesome in real life, one can see how they must be troublesome to the novelist, and may excuse him for fighting shy of them. They tend to hold up, rather than further, plot. If they are to enter a book at all, they demand to be the subject, belittling any others. How much

more obliging, for the novelist's purpose, are pliable, colourful, active, more superficial "characters"—always either good or bad, black or white! And how infinitely easier—as well as often more repaying—are these to present: if your aim be a story that, unlike "Frankie and Johnnie," has both moral and end.

So, novels dealing with personality as opposed to novels employing character have in this country been, as I said at the start, few. What have we? The range of the novels of Henry James, but he was an American. Some of the novels of George Eliot. Richardson's *Clarissa* and Jane Austen's *Emma*—for, indeed, Emma Woodhouse demands attention as something more than what she patently is, the star semi-comic feminine character of all English fiction.

And now we have Rosamond Lehmann's long-awaited new novel, *The Ballad and the Source* (Collins; 9s. 6d.), which deals, wholly and brilliantly, with personality, its self-created environment and its endless effects. The personality is that of Mrs. Jardine, who is, when the story opens, and remains when it closes, a mysterious lady. Mysterious to whom? First and last, to Rebecca, the little



Staying at Newport, Rhode Island

Lady Ribblesdale, mother of Mr. Vincent Astor, and Mr. Cecil Roberts, author of "So Immortal a Flower," have recently been staying with Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt at Newport, Rhode Island, where this photograph was taken. Mr. Roberts is with the British Mission in the U.S.A.

girl who is the "I" of the book, but not to Rebecca only.

Mrs. Jardine, with her husband Harry, returns from abroad to occupy The Priory, a long-shut-up house, thereby becoming the neighbour of Rebecca's family. Having been a friend of the children's grandmother, she sends a note asking that they may be allowed to come and pick primroses in her park, then stay to tea with her. The reception of this note by their parents shows that, with regard to Mrs. Jardine, the social situation is abnormal—however, Rebecca and Jess are allowed to go. This is the first impression, from which so much follows:

As we crossed the lawn, a french window in the front of the long, low, creeper-covered house opened, and a woman's figure appeared. She waved. She gave the impression of arms outstretched, so welcomingly did she surge forward to meet us. She was dressed in a long gown of pale-blue with wide sleeves embroidered thickly with blue, rose and violet flowers. She had a white fleecy wrap round her shoulders, and on her head, with its pile of fringed, puffed, curled white hair, a large Panama hat trimmed with a blue liberty scarf artistically knotted, the ends hanging down behind. She was small and rather stocky, with short legs and little feet clad in low-heeled black slippers with tongues and paste buckles.

When she came up to us, she said:

"I must kiss you, because I loved your grandmother."

We lifted our faces, and she gave us each a kiss. Her lips and cheeks were dry, warm, the skin so crinkled all over with faint lines it seemed a fine-meshed net.

(Concluded on page 56)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

LIKE spoiled children and idle women, homes hate to be left. They wilt and go crazy. Grandma's portrait never falls down when the owner is in residence. Neither does the water system, the heating system or the soot go all Bolshevik—in the plutocratic sense, that is—when people are living in the house. Yet, only leave the "nest" for a few weeks, and anything may happen to exasperate and annoy. One feels on one's return rather like the husband who, for once, has been out with the boys and enjoyed himself, coming home to a wife looking her least appetising and with a poker in her hand. I know. I have been through it many times. And it has always been the same. One closes the front door gently, as one bidding au revoir to an understanding friend. One reopens that same door weeks, or maybe months, later—to be hit on the head by the lucky horseshoe, timing its fall to perfection.

If houses aren't *lived in* an atmosphere of hostility permeates them, and one is lucky if only moths are holding their harvest home. No wonder you can usually tell a state of domestic happiness or misery the moment you stand in a hall. Houses, like bed-rooms, are as good as a Book of Revelation to those who know how to read. With some, no matter how long you live in them, you never attain to a friendly intimacy. With others, they are like a woman's arms on a cold night. But neither the one nor the other ever seems to like you, should you return to them after a long period of absence. Consequently, when I came back the other day to my own, I knew that everything which possibly could have gone wrong would have done so. I was not disappointed. That is why I timed my return for the afternoon.

Alas, however, for my planning. A long journey, time-tabled to take eight hours, took thirteen. For thirteen long, weary

hours I had travelled in that state which, had I been a cow, would have brought the S.P.C.A. roaring down on the railway company. I arrived home weary and depressed. The only restaurant which happened not to have been eaten-out by holiday-makers could only offer me *boiled cod*, and that, by itself, demands fortitude. And I had little left. I had less when the front door refused to open, and when it did it brought down half the fanlight! It was on the debit side when I also discovered that there was no light, the water-taps refused to disgorge, and when I opened the refrigerator door, hoping against hope that certain perishable goods would at least resemble the Frozen North, they almost stood up and *bit me* in their tropical splendour.

Only one consolation remained. Although I had been away for the better part of three years, I soon began to feel *I had never been away at all!* It was very rejuvenating! I would advise all those who play with the idea of monkey glands to go back step by step towards the places which were once dear and familiar. They would arrive eventually at their old school feeling strangely as they felt when they last scampered down its corridors. Their varicose veins might pain them and their fallen arches continue to sink, but, in a miraculous fashion, their spirits would regain their skip. Only, of course, they must journey back alone. One once-familiar figure, met by accident, will surely exclaim: "Well, well, if you aren't the spit of your dear old grand-dad!" Which is apt to destroy your illusion and bring your spiritual skipping to a stop. Nevertheless, there remains always the relief of knowing that age—in its more boring aspects—is something which takes place *inside you—or does not*. It is mental rather than physical, and it can make you dully impervious to inner growth at almost any age.

On Active Service



D. R. Stuart

Officers of a Training Squadron of the Fleet Air Arm

Front row: Lt. (A) S. W. Wright, R.N.V.R., Lt. (A) M. T. Bridgeman, R.N.V.R., Lt.-Cdr. P. Pardon Matthews, R.N.R. (C.O.), Lt. (A) H. Barrett, R.N.V.R., Lt. (A) K. G. Brown, R.N.V.R. Middle row: S/Lt. (A) E. Richardson, R.N.V.R., S/Lt. (A) R. C. Hunter, R.N.V.R., Lt. (A) J. B. Blakely, R.N.V.R., Lt. (A) W. H. Jackson, R.N.V.R., S/Lt. (A) W. R. Murray, R.N.V.R., S/Lt. (A) P. F. Morris, R.N.V.R., S/Lt. (A) M. Q. Petherick, R.N.Z.N.V.R. Back row: S/Lt. (A) P. G. Comber, R.N.V.R., S/Lt. (A) G. W. Elms, R.N.V.R., S/Lt. (A) L. Hinten, R.N.V.R.



D. P. Stuart

W.R.N.S. Officers at a Northern Naval Air Station

Front row : 3rd/Os. N. K. Griffin, A. A. West, Miss M. McIntosh, Q.A.R.N.N.S. (R), Chief/O. F. M. Hale, 2nd/O. Daumiller, 3rd/Os. O. M. Hardie, M.D. Todd. Middle row : 3rd/Os. J. M. Baker, M. J. Titlow, B. M. du Vivier, N. E. Cary, B. G. Bailey, J. M. Parkinson, M. Kerr. Back row : 2nd/Os. W. Turner, B. Back, D. M. Pitman, C. I. M. Hebron, C. M. Skelton.



D. R. Stuart

Officers of a Recruit Training Centre in Scotland

Front row: F/Lts. F. S. Halls, J. S. Orr, S/Ldr. (Rev.) Hoskins, S/Ldr. P. A. McEachern, W/Cdr. A. McCrae Wilson, O.B.E., S/Ldr. F. A. B. Barnard, F/Lts. J. H. S. A. Skinner, W. A. Crumpton, H. McLeod. Middle row: P/O. J. M. Allan, F/Lts. A. T. Hanson, J. J. Kydd, H. L. Wilsons, S/Ldr. (Rev.) A. McLurg, F/Lts. S. Hill, J. McCresh, S/Ldr. (Rev.) C. Keegan. Back row: F/Os. L. L. Bermon, D. Forsythe, S. Frith, P/O. A. Heywood, F/Os. F. A. Rose, W. F. McMillan, F/Lt. W. P. Weir, F/Os. D. G. M. Millar, C. Millward



Officers of "C" Company, 2nd Surrey Battalion, Home Guard

Front row: Lts. Mansfield, Thomson, M.C., Capt. Jameson, T.D., Lt. Sir Osborne Mance, K.B.E., C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Major White, Capt. Dean, Lt. Stovold, Lt. Dodman, Lt. Marshall, M.M. Middle row: C.S.M. Dale, Lt. Morris, 2nd Lt. Kempe, Pocock, M.C., Lts. Crunden, Blackburn, Simmons, M.C., 2nd Lts. Snell, Fryer, Lt. Worthy, Q.C.M.S. Currington. Back row: Lt. Lahaye, 2nd Lts. Straker, Stoner, Lt. Keefe, and Lt. Beattie. Lt. Barns. Inset: Lt. Low, D.S.O., M.C., and Capt. Vass



Officers of an R.A.F. Headquarters Staff in the North-West

Front row: S/Ldrs. Mills, W/Cdrs. Robinson, D.C.M., Donovan, W/Off. Wreford, W/Cdr. Clarkson, G/Capt. Hamley, A.F.C., Air Cdre. Macdonald, D.F.C., Air Vice-Marshall D. F. Stevenson, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., G/Capt. Mulholland, C.B.E., A.F.C., G/Capt. Pinkerton, O.B.E., D.F.C., W/Cdrs. Brown, D.F.C., Newberry, D.F.C., Lt.-Col. Marchant, M.C., W/Cdr. Jarvis, O.B.E., S/Ldrs. Georgeson, Innes. Middle row: Mr. Thompson, S/O. Goddard, Flt./Offs. Uthwatt, Elliott, S/Ldrs. Austin, A.F.C., Scott Taggart, Colston, D.F.C., F/Lts. Thomas, B.E.M., Larkham, Hall, F/O. Coulborn, F/Lt. Baclz, D.F.C., S/Ldrs. Spring, Hammond, Walters, Linsell, Richardson, Major Birley, F/Lt. Brown, S/O. Holt-Brush, S/O. Newall. Back row: F/Lt. Halifax, F/O. Phillips, S/Ldr. Nowak, F/O. Wainter, F/Lts. Armitage, Dorkings, Bills, Moore, F/O. Churn, P/O. Hutchinson, F/O. Griffiths, F/Lts. Brett, Gardner, Morgan, Yeandel, Horton, Roskrow

ON - AND - OFF - DUTY

(Continued from page 42)

Lady Mary Herbert is the Earl and Countess of Ilchester's elder daughter. She went out to Bengal in 1939 when her late husband, Sir John Herbert, was appointed Governor. Unfortunately, Sir John died out there after a short term of office, and Lady Mary herself was dangerously ill for a long time. Happily, she is looking much better now and very sunburnt.

A quartette who came in together were the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk and Lord and Lady Irwin; the Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Gordon were dining together at a corner table, the Duchess very attractive in a white blouse, the Duke in his Air Force uniform; and Sir John Blunt, down from Yorkshire, had Mrs. Vivien Cornelius dining with him. Mrs. Cornelius will be remembered as the lovely Jessica Brown before she married the Earl of Northesk as his first wife in 1923. Afterwards she married Mr. Vivien Cornelius, and was for some time in Cairo, where her husband held an appointment and where their generous hospitality became a byword. Lt.-Col. Sir Thomas Cook, M.P., was dining with another man. He has been liaison officer to the Allied Forces since 1941, and has represented North Norfolk since 1931. Before the war he was joint-Master of the North Norfolk Hounds with his wife, but he resigned in 1940. Another M.P. there was the Hon. Henry Guest, the Member for the Drake Division of Plymouth. He is an uncle of the present Lord Wimborne, and was dining alone.

Here and There

At the Dorchester I saw the Marquess and Marchioness of Linlithgow; Sir John and Lady Latta were together, so were Air Chief-Marshal Sir Charles and Lady Portal. Lady d'Avigdor Goldsmid, looking very attractive with a short mink coat over her dress, was with Mr. Michael Kennedy, who is in the Scots Guards. Lady Goldsmid has been racing a lot recently, and has during the last year become "an owner," and now has several horses in training, an interest her husband shares with her. Their home is the lovely Somerhill Park, in Kent. Lady Goldsmid, who is the daughter of Lt.-Col. Charles Nicholl, was previously married to Sir Peter Horlick.

In Brook Street, King Haakon of Norway passed by, quite unrecognised by the other pedestrians. This tall, quiet and democratic King has lived simply in our midst since the fall of Norway in 1940, and we shall miss him when he returns to his own country and people. Farther on I met Mrs. Charles Sweeny, looking very lovely in brown, on her way to a luncheon date with friends; near by was Mrs. James Bowes-Lyon, and going off in another direction, Lord Howard de Walden.

End of Holidays

At Paddington, hundreds of parents have been seeing their offspring off to school. On a departure platform I met Lady Harper, seeing one of her young sons off to his prep. school. Capt. Cosmo Crawley had temporarily lost his wife and their two small daughters in the crowd, but luckily found them before the train went. Mrs. George Gibson was seeing her daughter off; she is the wife of Mr. George Gibson, nephew and heir of the late Lord Glanely. He caused a sensation in the racing world when he decided to sell his late uncle's stud and the horses in training; he has not gone in for racing himself yet. On the arrival platform I found Lady Willoughby de Broke with her two young children, David and Susan. They had all come up from their home in Warwickshire for the marriage at the Brompton Oratory of Mr. John Heseltine to Miss Elizabeth Campbell-Browning.



The Lord Mayor Elect with His Wife and Son

Sir Frank Alexander has been chosen as Lord Mayor of London for the coming civic year. He is Alderman of Aldgate and Chairman of the Baltic Mercantile and Shipping Exchange. He is seen above with Lady Alexander and their second son, John

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 54)

The most noticeable things about her were the whiteness of her face, the pale-ness of her large eyes, and the strong fullness and width of her mouth. Her teeth were regular, splendid, untouched by age.

Enigma

THE period of this opening part of the story is, I should make clear, pre the 1914 war: extravagant, luscious oddness of dress would, one feels, always have been a perquisite of Mrs. Jardine's; but, as seen by the children on that spring afternoon, she was odd in the manner of her day. Her eyes, her idiom of speech, her jewels, the furniture and objects surrounding her (such as the mauve watered-silk couch), all go to build up this effect. Then there is the childhood portrait of her lost daughter, Ianthe, and the scarcely more living presence of her husband, Major Jardine, Harry—red-faced, thin, almost speechless, uncontrollably trembling. Her grandchildren—on that afternoon still unknown to her—are to enter the scene gradually; first by their banal Christian names (Maisie, Malcolm and Cherry), then when they actually come to stay.

Ironically (though wholly characteristically), Mrs. Jardine feels drawn to her dead friend's grandchildren—principally to Rebecca—but can never fully accept or digest her own. It is into the little, eager, still unflawed mirror presented by Rebecca that she projects the first of those many and contradictory images of herself and her relations with other people that are to make up *The Ballad and the Source*. It is to Rebecca that she gives her version of the Ianthe story. And what a story! Have we a monster mother, or monster daughter? Mrs. Jardine and Ianthe—which was the other's victim? Mrs. Jardine's behaviour, qua maternal behaviour, had been, by all but her own showing, preposterous. But had she a right, as she claimed, to super-vision, to the overruling prerogatives of genius?

Miss Lehmann, with supreme art, has surrounded her central figure with mirrors (of which Rebecca is only one) so placed as to reflect into one another. Tilly, an old servant common to both families, Maisie Thomson and the young sculptor Gil, by turns take up and further the extraordinary story—a story so drenched, so pervaded (whoever tells it) by Mrs. Jardine's atmosphere that in its forest-like depths one loses all ordinary landmarks of right and wrong. It is impossible to enter Mrs. Jardine's world without being saddled with a myth (contributory to her own myth) from which it is almost impossible to escape.

None the less, it is not the least of Miss Lehmann's triumph that she has supported her Mrs. Jardine with a cast of characters, whom she never quite overpowers, and whose own reality remains strong. Maisie Thomson, for instance, is a masterpiece. In the construction of *The Ballad and the Source*, a difficult—one might have thought almost impossibly difficult—method has been used with memorable success. You will almost certainly find this novel, as I found it, very hard to put down. But more: it has qualities of truth and imagination that demand something better than rapid, excited reading; and you should probably read it at least twice if you are to begin to realise how good it is. The only thing I could wish less of is the protracted painfulness of the final scenes with Ianthe, as told by her schoolgirl daughter.

Land-girls

"WE have grown tired" (says Miss V. Sackville-West, in her introductory chapter to *The Women's Land Army*, Michael Joseph; 5s.) "of hearing the Land Army described as the Cinderella of the women's services; it has a sort of self-pitying sound. But this, in many ways, it really is. Not for the Land Army are the community existence, the parades, the marchings-past, the smart drill, the eyes-right, the salutes—or very seldom. For the most part its members work isolated and in mouse-like obscurity. Their very uniform seems to suggest a bashful camouflage to be lost against the grass or stubble. It is seldom that the land-girl emerges into the streets of cities. . . ."

I cannot myself (being an individualist) see community existence and constant drilling as anything else but blessings that I would gladly forgo. But if the Land Army really has languished for lack of these, or from being out of the public eye, everything should be more than made up to it by the excellence of this book, and by the presence of Miss Sackville-West's name on the cover: no other one of the women's services can, I think, have been more understandingly pictured or ably sponsored. We are given an inside, non-idealised view of the land-girl's life in her different fields of activity—milking; general farm work, including ploughing; hedging, haymaking, harvesting, threshing and thatching; land-reclamation; orchards and fruit; gardening; sheep-tending; rat-killing; and forestry work. And the girl herself—where does she come from; what did she do before donning the green-and-brown? How sharply, in the case of the town-bred girl, did the realities of land work conflict, at first, with the day-dreams got from movies, calendars or the languors of one country holiday day? Hardships and conflicts have, rightly, not been underrated by Miss Sackville-West; for they all go to show how toughly the girls have stuck it. Here and there we have contributions by land-girls themselves. A picture, rather than a string of facts, has been Miss Sackville-West's aim; but information and statistics are supplied in Appendices at the end, where, also, are to be found sixty-four lively photographs. *The Women's Land Army* has been published under the auspices of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries; and all proceeds from the publication are to be given to the Women's Land Army Benevolent Fund.



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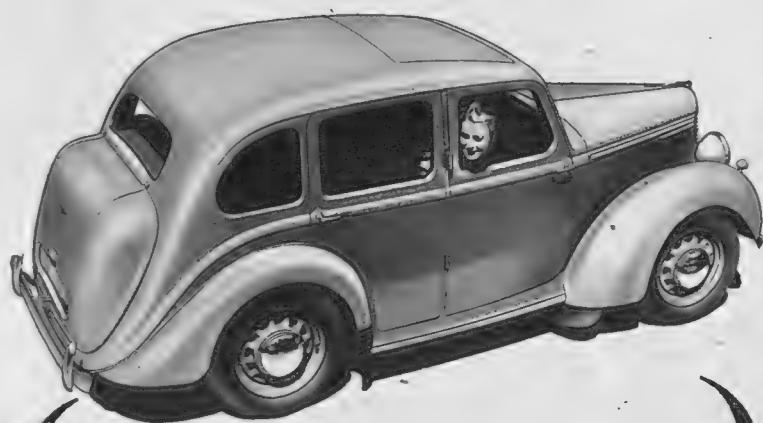
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An Apology

The famous "Powder-Puff design" known by millions of women throughout the world as the symbol of Perfect Face Powder can no longer be printed because of its gay multiplicity of colours. (It will return like other pleasant things when Victory is won).

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Please send me a form for cheap milk for having children at reduced prices.

Please send me another form for cheap milk as I posted the other form before my child was filled in properly.

Will you please send me a form for cheap milk. I have a baby two months old and did not know about it until a friend told me.

Will I be able to have the milk for my baby as my husband will finish the job on Thursday. He is a night watchman.

THREE business men were dining at a West End restaurant. When the waiter presented the bill, the first man grabbed it, and said to the others: "Let me pay this. I'll charge it as a business expense, and since I'm paying income tax at fifteen shillings in the pound, the Government would be paying for three-quarters of this bill."

"No, let me pay it," said the second. "I've got war contracts and I'm paying tax at nineteen and six in the pound, so the Government would be paying for almost all of it."

"No. Let me pay it," the third man insisted. "I'm doing Government work on a cost-plus basis, and I can make twenty-five shillings profit out of it."

THE professor of chemistry was giving a demonstration of the properties of various acids.

"Now," he said, "I am going to drop this florin into this vessel of acid. Will it dissolve?"

"No," replied one of the students.

"No?" said the demonstrator. "Then perhaps you will explain to the class why it won't dissolve."

"Because," came the answer, "if it would you wouldn't drop it in."

"LOOK here, son," said the head of the house, "you must get rid of that dog you brought home last week. He's a nuisance, and he barks too much."

"Oh, dad!" began the youngster, looking woe-be-gone.

"Yes, get rid of him, and I'll give you five shillings."

The next day the lad asked for the money.

"He's gone, dad," he explained.

"That's good," said his father, handing over two half-crowns. "What did you do with him?"

"I swapped him for three puppies."

"How did you land in this place?" asked the prison visitor.

"Housebreaking—and bad luck!" answered the prisoner, bitterly.

"What was your bad luck?"

"Well, I'd made friends with the dog for weeks, and then I trod on the blinkin' cat!"

A YOUNG man asked his boss for a £1 rise in salary. "But look," said the boss, "if I give you the rise, that's £4 more a month. That's £52 more a year." (His voice grew louder.) "In ten years you will have got £520 out of my pocket. In twenty years, £1,040; and in fifty years—in fifty years—"

He clutched his head as though in some dreadful nightmare. Then he screamed: "I'm bankrupt!"



Sir Thomas and Lady Beecham arrived in England a short time ago. The famous conductor has been absent for four and a half years in Australia, Canada, the United States and Mexico, and last year he married as his second wife, Miss Betty Humby, the English pianist. This photograph was taken at Wembley Town Hall, where Sir Thomas was rehearsing the London Philharmonic Orchestra

THE hostess rushed forward in a fluster as the elderly but distinguished guest entered.

"How do you do?" she gushed. "Do take this chair; it is really quite comfortable for an antique!"

A YOUNG pilot officer with a reputation as a Lothario tried to refuse when invited to a charity affair. He said he was working on something important.

"Oh, in that case just bring your work along with you," the hostess suggested. "We'd love to have her, too."



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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Civil Air

I HAVE sympathy with the plea that civil aviation should be taken out of the hands of the Air Ministry and handed to some other ministry. In fact I expressed my views clearly enough in my book, *Air Power and the Expanding Community*, wherein I argued that there should be a single fighting service and that air transport should become the interest of the Ministry of Transport. It is difficult to advocate these things in public, however, because if one suggests that civil aviation should be removed from the ambit of the Air Ministry there will always be those who will instantly interpret it as an "attack" on the Air Ministry.

Yet the fact is that it is partly because the Air Ministry has done so well for war flying that it cannot be expected to do well for peace flying. The Air Ministry is as much a war ministry as the War Office. We do not want our family aircraft under its control any more than we want our Morris Eights under War Office control. I would go further and say that we do not want our civil aircraft under the control of any ministry. The duty of the ministry interested in them should be to serve them and not to order them about. It will be a hard thing to inculcate upon the puffed-up wartime civil servants. They have forgotten if they ever knew that the State has no money and does no work and that the function of a ministry is to minister to, or to serve, the activity which is its interest.

Stir Up

EVERWHERE one notices the signs of a great boiling up of public opinion about civil aviation. There is full appreciation of the Air ministry view that until victory is secured nothing much matters except the war. That is a right and proper attitude for the Air Ministry. But there ought at the same time to be people studying the possibilities of peace flying and working out the process of transfer.



Mr. S. M. Lanigan-O'Keeffe, C.M.G., Southern Rhodesian High Commissioner in London, was recently presented with a gold cup inscribed "To the Southern Rhodesian Air Force from the Royal Air Force as a token of comradeship and esteem," by Air Marshal Sir Bertine Sutton, K.B.E. The cup will be flown out to Rhodesia so that it may be presented to the S.R.A.F. by Sir Evelyn Baring, Governor of the Dominion. The above was taken after the presentation and shows W/Cdr. J. Davison, Southern Rhodesian Air Liaison Officer, W/Cdr. Edward Hack (the donor of the cup); Mrs. Edward Hack; Mr. S. M. Lanigan-O'Keeffe and Air Marshal Sir Bertine Sutton

The point is that the British Empire and Commonwealth will in the future exist by virtue of air communications. Its structure was built up on sea communications, but air communications suit it better.

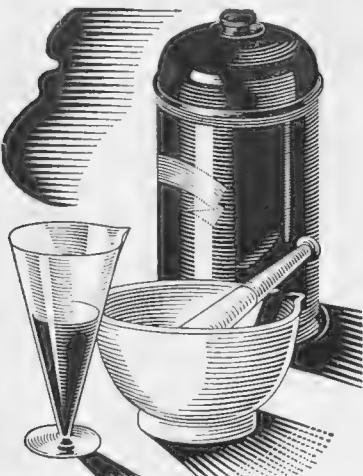
In short, air transport offers Britain its biggest opportunity. It is completely untrue to say that Britain is not naturally suited to air transport and that America is. I would rather say that both are suited to air transport, but that the British Empire and Commonwealth is better suited to it than any other organization on earth. But our authorities are getting into a dull, civil service, official-form, attitude of mind about this. There is need for some kind of urgent action. Private enterprise seems to be becoming increasingly unpopular. We seem to have been fighting the war for hundreds of kinds of freedoms, none of which are of the slightest interest to you or me. Freedom for enterprise, anyhow, is not among those the Government seems at present inclined to vouchsafe us.

British Overseas Airways is admittedly in a difficult position and I would like to give the corporation all the praise that is due to it. But it is not really an aeronautical organization. It may be a financial, or a political, or some other kind of organization, but it is not aeronautical. It has not retained its essentially aeronautical members. The railways, or the shipping companies, are getting them.

Trip to Paris

I AM sure that there was a great deal in the complaint made by Mr. Colin Bednall in the *Daily Mail*, that American business men were being allowed to go to Paris while our own were not. But my own small personal experience is that most of my friends seem to have made the journey for one reason or another. In fact, just as I once said that one distinction which I looked like acquiring as a result of this war was that of not having flown to America, so now I see the chance of a second distinction, that of not having visited Paris soon after the liberation.

One thing I do notice from the reports of my friends and that is that the Royal Air Force seems to be the best known and most admired fighting service for all the French people who live in Paris. This seems at first somewhat curious because Parisians have suffered from our bombing, although it was always carefully directed at works which were giving direct aid to the Germans. Anyhow, my information is that the Parisians chant "R.A.F." much as they chant "Tipperary," as a sort of song of welcome. The French have always had a high regard for our air service. That applied in 1914-18; again in 1939 and again now. They used to think highly of the Royal Navy and probably still do; but the R.A.F. has replaced it in the thoughts of most of the younger French people. Here is a very notable thing which I hope those who are striving to encourage Anglo-French good relations will not neglect.



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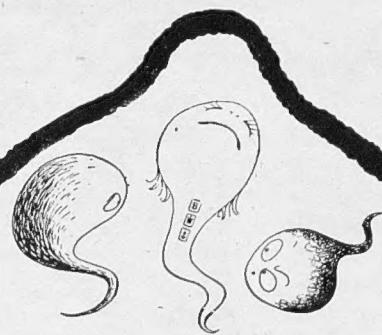
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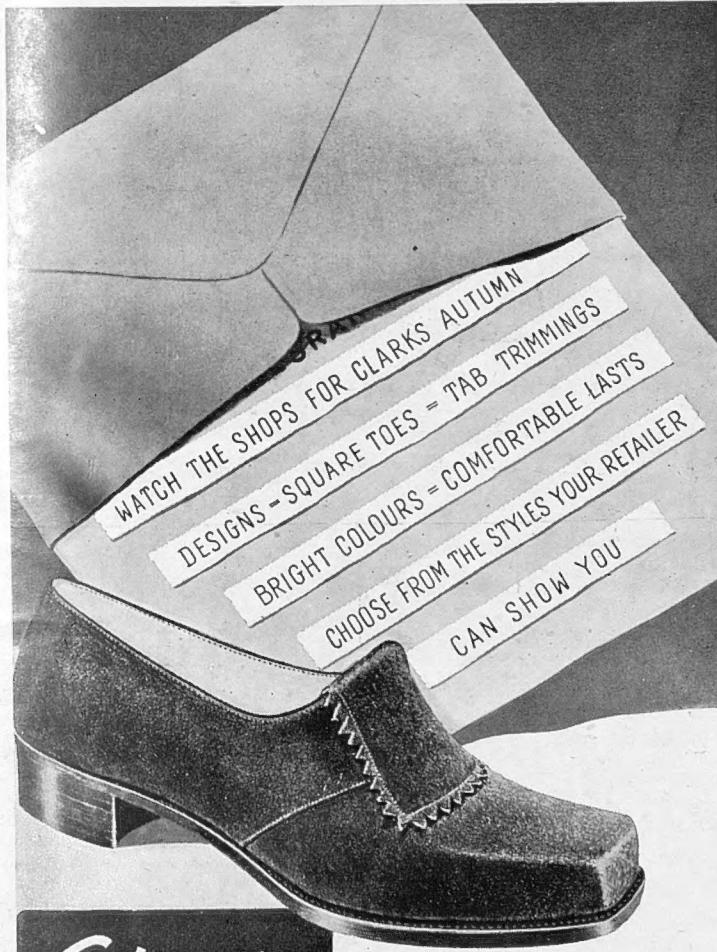
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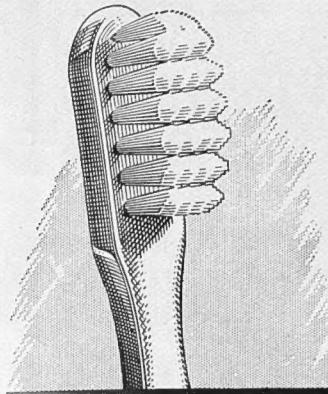
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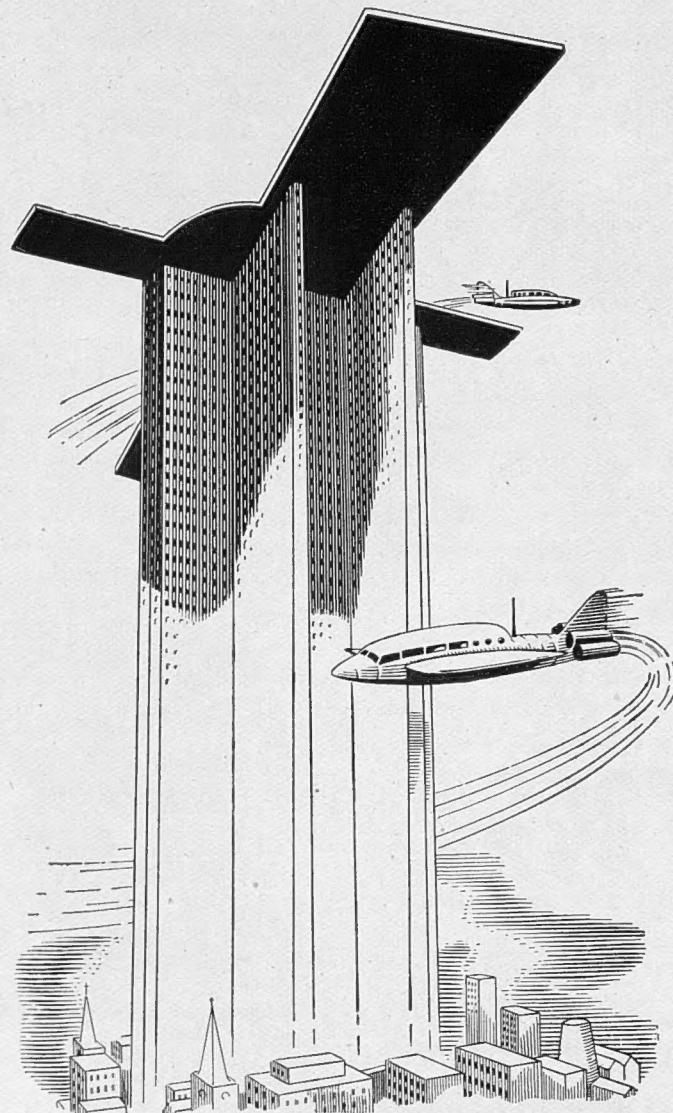
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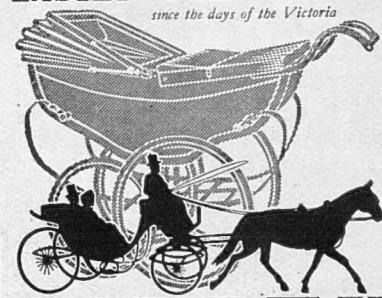
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into Moss Bros.*

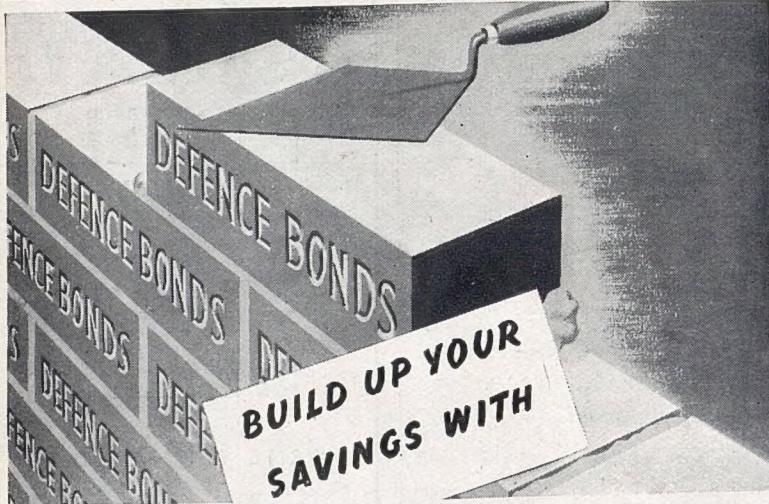
... we don't know yet if Hitler will commit hara-kiri on the terrace at Berchtesgaden, but we do know at last that peace is somewhere round the next corner. Now we are daring to plan ahead again, and high in each list of personal priorities is the inborn British longing to get out of uniform into clothes which will express us as individuals—clothes which must satisfy a deep hunger for colour and character, and in addition be vastly comfortable, for in that respect battledress has spoilt us. In fact they must be the creation of artists who have long studied minds as well as figures, and that means

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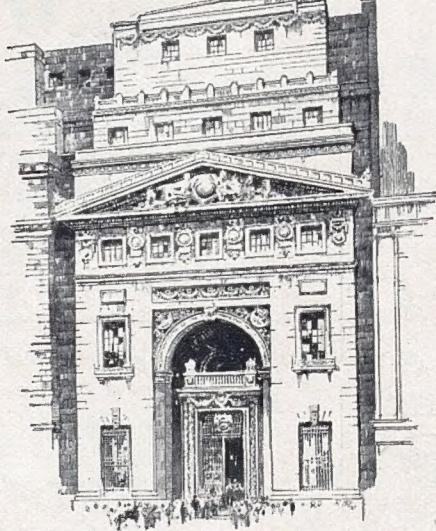


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